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indicated by a stag's head, with long antlers, an outline of which is painted over the figure of Actæon.*

The works which we have enumerated give a sufficiently clear idea of the condition of Art among the Greeks in the remotest antiquity. But in order to ascertain how far it was advanced at the time when Phidias and his contemporaries made their appearance, the surviving masterworks of the preceding era demand our special investigation. The works alluded to consist of the Æginetan gable statues, or the sculptures which occupied the tympana of the pediment of the temple of Jupiter, and which are at present at Munich. A few words of explanation on the subject of temple gables, and the manner in which they were decorated by the ancients, are indispensable in order to arrive at a proper and intelligent appreciation of this celebrated work.

THE RICH AND THE POOR MAN.

By his lonely hearth the rich man stood;

At his heart that gnawing pain,

That hunger, to which all worldly good

May but minister in vain;

Which, once awakened, love's own sweet food

Alone may assuage again.

That yearning to some one kindred heart,

Which alone might beat sweet time

To its every throb, and so bear part

As to blend each changing chime

Of joy and sorrow, with magic art,

In one harmony sublime.

But never on earth his soul may thrill

To such sweet life-music more;

One only to sway its chords hath skill,

And her work below is o'er:

Lonely, but patient, he life's steep hill

Must climb, to death's gracious door.

By his cheerless hearth the poor man sate;

Wife, children, around him wailed,

Whom fruits of his toil sustained, till late

Both toil and its fruits had failed:

And now at their hearts stern hunger ate,

And the strong man's courage quailed.

But feller guests in his bosom raged

Than hunger itself may be;

The foaming hate of a lion caged

Against foes he doth not see;

Fierce envy of man, all unassuaged

By trust in God's mercies free.

And ever it hardened more and more,

(Good angels! Oh, shield from sin!)

The scowl that darkened his features o'er,

His features so fierce and thin:

While despair stood knocking at the door

Just opening to let him in.

The rich man stepped to his brother's side;

He proffered his bounteous aid,

But curdled his pity's generous tide,

And he half shrank back, afraid,

As, clutching the gold, the poor man eyed

The giver, but no word said.

But prompt were the mother's tears and prayers

On her children's saviour's head

To call down blessings; forgot her cares:

"And hast thou no thanks," she said,

For the good man Heaven sends unawares

To bring our darlings bread?"

"Thanks!" with a bitter sneer he spake,

And a brow as hard as stone—

"The lordly squire his fill doth take,

And he throws his dog the bone!

Who should relieve, but the rich, who make

The ills beneath which we groan?"

No flash of anger responsive spread

On brow of the rich man; he

Had mercy learned while his own heart bled;

And "Listen," he said, "to me:

I was once a poor man, and ate bread

In sweat of my brow like thee.

"There was one who toiled, and loved, like me,

And at last we dared to wed,

And when smiled a babe upon her knee,

We thought care for aye was fled;

But that blossom faded soon, and we

Laid the turf above its head.

"And when wealth had come at my command,

Then she whom I toiled for, she,

The mother, died too:—Now lay thine hand

On thine heart, and answer free!

Wouldst thou take my wealth, at price to stand

Alone on God's earth like me?"

The poor man looked where his pale wife stood,

And their children around her drew,

To each one sharing the welcome food

And it welled forth strong anew,

The deep love choked in despairing mood,

When feeling to torture grew.

And his hurried breath came thick and hot,

And his tears flowed fast and free,

Till his softened brow its scowl forgot:

"God pardon my sin," said he;

"I knew not till now a rich man's lot

More bitter than mine might be!"

* * * * *

Forth daily to toil the poor man fares,

By his brother's care supplied,

And daily with his beloved ones shares.

The food his strong arms provide;

And, humbled, thinks amid all his cares

Of the rich man's lone fireside.

Still treads, as patient he long hath trod,

The rich man life's lone, steep hill;

And when at moments beneath the rod

His spirit would quail, thinks still

Of the poor man: "Mine are safe, thank God,"

He saith, "from all earthly ill!"

MARY C. HUME.

* Ueber die selinuntischen Skulpturen s. ein Jahr in Italien II., p. 92-97.